

It was a sunny day, quite ordinary to some but in ACTUALITY it was Ann's birthday.

Ann wanted that job! The ad in the newspaper had said "energetic, off-beat creative people only need apply." Ann said



"Wow, cosmic. That sounds like me." And applications were being taken on her birthday... another good sign. She considered staying home, since, after all, it was her birthday, y'know. But she was really sick of working with the hands at the mental institution, so on this bright & sunny day she got in line with the 97 other applicants. She gave her application to the manager (who was really Sheila), spoke a few words and then filed out the door. LITTLE DID SHE KNOW that previous applicants... those who were reading her vibe in those few moments they interacted. Yes... Sheila had put a small star on Ann's application because something told her, somehow, she just KNEW. Later that night, while reviewing the 97 applications, because the 97 applicants whose vibe had earned them a star.



education, military service and trade school degrees all became meaningless and in that moment Sheila realized she had to hire the stars. The next day she called back the five applicants whose vibe had earned them a star. While calling Ann, Ann walked into the room. It was too cosmic. She was hired.